

The poore man payes for all.

This is but a dreame which here shall insue:
But the Author wishes his words were not true.

To the tune of *In slumbering sleepe I lay.*

220.



As I lay musing all alone,
Upon my resting bed,
Full many a cogitation
Did come into my head:
And loaking from my shpe, I
My dzeame to mind did call,
He thought I saw before mine eyes,
How poore men payes for all.

I many obiects did behold,
In this my frightfull Dzeame,
A part of them I will unfold:
And though my present Theame
Is but a fancy you may sag,
Yet many things doe fall
To true alas: for at this day
The poore man payes for all.

He thought I saw (which cauld my eare)
What I wish were a fable,
That poore men still inforsed are
To pay more then they are able:
He thought I heard them weeping say,
Their substance was but small,
For rich men will beare all the sway,
And poore men pay for all.

He thought I saw how wealthy men
Did grind the poore mens faces,
And greedily did prey on them,
Not pitying their cases:

They make them toyle and laboure full
For wages too too small:
The rich men in the Tauerne roye:
But poore men pay for all.

He thought I saw an olde man,
Walke in his for see v goode,
Whose wealth and eminence controll'd
The most men in the Townes:
His wealth he by extortion got,
And rose by others fall,
He had what his hands earned not,
But poore men pay for all.

He thought I saw a Courtier pround
Goe swaggering along,
That unto any service allow'd
The office of his tongue:
He thought, were not so; liberty,
His peacocke plumes would fall,
The rustles out in bzymery,
But poore men pay for all.

He thought I met (soe discontent)
Some poore men on the way,
I asked one whither he went
So fast and could not stay?
Nouth he, I must goe take my Leafe,
Or else another shall:
My Lendours riches doe increas,
But poore men pay for all.

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Me thought I saw most stately wines,
Goe setting on the way,
That live delightfull idle liues,
and go in garments gay,
That with the moon their shapnes doe change
Or else ther' chide and brayle,
Thus women goe like monsters strange,
and poore men pay for all.

Me thought I was i th' Countrey,
Where poore men take great paines,
And labour hard continually,
only for rich mens gaines,
Like th' Israellites in Egypt,
the poore are kept in thralld :
The task-masters are playing kept.
but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw poore Tradesmen
ith' City and else-where,
Whom rich men kepe as beads-men,
in bondage care and feare :
They'll have them worke for what they list,
thus weakest goe to the wall,
The rich men eate and drinke the best,
but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw two Lawyers bale
one to another say.
We have had in hand this poore mans Case,
a twelme month and a day.
And yet wotel not contented be
to let the matter fall,
Bearre then with me & Ile beare with thys,
while poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw a red-nose Dall,
as fat as he could wallow,
Whose carke lie, if it shold be roast,
would drop seven stone of tallow,
He growes rich out of measure,
with fillling measure small,
He liues in mirth and pleasure,
but poore men pay for all.

M And so likewise the Brewster stond,
the Chandler and the Walker,
The Manfitt-man also without doable,
and the Tobacco-taker,
Though they be proud and stately growne,
and beare themselves so tall,
Yet to the world it is well knowne,
that poore men pay for all.

M Even as the mighty Fishes stell,
Doe set upon the lese ;
So rich men, might they haue their will,
would on the poore men come ;
It is a prouerbe old and true,
that weakest goe to th' wall,
Rich men can drinke till th' sky looke bluse,
but poore men pay for all.

M But now, as I before did say,
this is but a Dreame indeed,
Though all dreames prone not true, some
hap right as I doe reade. (iii)
And if that any come to passe,
I doubt this my Dreame shall :
For will this sound too true a case,
that poore men pay for all.